THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 13, 1804.

Colonel Daniel's Narrative of the Manner in which he was cured of the Vice of Gaming.

THE late Colonel Daniel took great pleaſure in giving advice to young officers; as, directing them in their military duties, the management of their pay, &c. Whenever he was upon the article of gaming, he uſed to tell the following ſtory of himſelf, as a warning to others, and to ſhew that a little reſolution may conquer this abſurd paſſion:

In Queen Anne's wars, he was an enſign in the Engliſh army then in Spain: but he was ſo abſolutely poſſeſſed by this evil, that all duty, and every thing elſe that prevented his gratifying his favourite paſſion, was to him moſt intolerable. He ſcarcely allowed himſelf time for reſt; or if he ſlept, his dreams preſented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears: his meals were neglected, or if he attended them, he looked upon that as ſo much loſt time; he ſwallowed his meat with precipitation, and hurried again to the gaming table. In ſhort, he was a profeſſed gameſter. For ſome time, fortune was his friend: and he was ſo ſucceſsful, that he has often ſpread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himſelf on them, in order that it might be ſaid of him, "he wallowed in gold." Such was his life during a conſiderable time; but he often ſaid, and ſurely every conſiderate man will join with him, that it was the moſt miſerable part of it.

After ſome time he was ordered on the recruiting duty, and at Barcelona he raiſed one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment; though this was left entirely to his ſerjeant, that he might be more at leiſure to attend to his darling paſſion. After ſome changes of good and ill-luck, fortune declared ſo openly againſt him, that in one unlucky run, he was ſtript even of the laſt ſhilling.

In this diſtreſs he applied to a captain of the ſame regiment for a loan of ten guineas, which was refuſed with this ſpeech:—"What! lend my money to a profeſſed gameſter? No, Sir, I wiſh to be excuſed: for I muſt neceſſarily loſe either my money or my friend; I therefore chooſe to keep my money."

With this mortifying refuſal he retired to his lodging, where he threw himſelf on the bed, to lay himſelf and his ſorrows to a momentary reſt, during the heat of the day. A gnat happening to bite him, he awoke; when his melancholy ſituation immediately preſented itſelf to him. Without money, and no proſpect how to get any to ſubſiſt himſelf and his recruits to the regiments, then at a great diſtance from him! Should they deſert for want of their pay, he muſt be anſwerable for it, and he could expect nothing but caſhiering for diſappointing the queen's ſervice. He had no friend; for he whom he had eſteemed ſo had not only refuſed to lend him money, but had added taunts to the refuſal. He had no acquaintance there; and ſtrangers, he knew, would not let him have ſo large a ſum as was anſwerable to his real neceſſity.

He was thus naturally led to reflect ſeriouſly on what had induced him to commence gameſter; and this he at once perceived was idleneſs. He had now found the cauſe, but the cure was ſtill wanting: how was that to be accompliſhed ſo as to avoid a relapſe? Something muſt be done; ſome method muſt be purſued to employ his time ſo effectually, as to prevent his having any to throw away at gaming. It then occurred to him, that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be diſpoſed of; and this he determined to purchaſe, as a poſt the moſt likely to find him a ſufficient and laudable way of paſſing his time. He had a letter of credit to draw for what ſum he pleaſed for his promotion in the army; but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagance. This was well; but the main difficulty remained, and he muſt get to the regiment before he could take any ſteps towards the intended purchaſe, or draw for the ſum to make it with.

While he was endeavouring to fall upon ſome expedient for extricating himſelf out of this ſituation, his friend, who had refuſed him in the morning, came to pay him a viſit. After a very cool reception on the colonel's ſide, the other began by aſking him, what ſteps he intended to take to relieve himſelf from the ſtate in which his imprudence had involved him. The colonel told him all that he had thought upon that head, and the reſolution he had made of purchaſing the adjutancy as ſoon as he could join the regiment. His friend then embracing him, ſaid, "My dear Daniel, I refuſed you in the morning in that abrupt manner in order to bring you to a ſenſe of your dangerous ſituation, and to make you reflect ſeriouſly on the way of life you had fallen into. I heartily rejoice it has had the deſired effect.

Purſue

Purſue the laudable reſolution you have made, for be aſſured that idleneſs and gaming are the ruin of youth. My purſe, as well as my intereſt and advice, is now at your command: there, take it, and provide what is neceſſary to ſubſiſt yourſelf and recruits to the regiment."

This behaviour entirely obliterated the harſhneſs of the refuſal in the morning; the colonel now viewed his viſitor in the agreeable light of a ſincere friend, and for ever after eſteemed and found him ſuch. In ſhort, he ſet off with his recruits for the regiment; where he gained great applauſe for his ſucceſs, which, as well as his commiſſion, he had almoſt loſt by one morning's folly: he immediately ſolicited for, and purchaſed the adjutancy; and from that day forward never touched cards or dice, but, as they ought to be uſed, merely for diverſion, or to unbend his mind after too cloſe an attention to ſerious affairs.

Account of a violent Tyffoon, or Hurricane, in the China Seas, on the 22d of September, 1803.

[From a Letter from an Officer on board the Coutts, China Ship, dated Canton, January 1, 1804.]

ON the 20th of September, having rounded on the Macclesfield, we had ſqually weather, and got the royal maſts down, and at noon were under only the fore-ſail, mizen, and mizen-ſtay-ſail. It continued ſqually the whole of the night, with a good deal of ſea; towards day-light, the wind veered to the ſouthward, and the weather moderated. Soon after noon the wind freſhened, and half-paſt two P. M. a violent ſquall came on, when two of the fore ſhrouds gave way, and the ſea got up a good deal; the ſqualls increaſing, and the wind rather farther aft. We put the helm up, and juſt as we were wearing, a violent puff blew the fore-top-maſt away: hands were immediately ſent up to cut it away, in its fall it carried away the lee fore clue-garnet. We ſcudded and went eaſy before the gale was increaſed till about ſeven P. M. when the ſhip came to againſt her helm. The fore-ſail ſoon went to pieces, the ſhip lay pretty quiet on her bare poles. The gale now encreaſed to ſuch a hurricane, that it is impoſſible to deſcribe it; a little before eight the main-top-maſt blew away. The ſea ſtill got up and the gale continued, and the main-top-maſt kept flying away to leeward, as ſhe rolled with ſuch violence as to ſhake every thing about the main-maſt in a moſt ſhocking manner; hands were then ſent up in the lee main ſhrouds to endeavour to ſecure it, but without effect. The violence of the wind now ſurpaſſed any thing I ever felt or heard of; the dog-vane-ſtaff was blown in

two by it. It lightened very much, and might poſſibly thunder, but the noiſe of the wind prevented its being heard. The ſea was driven over us in continued ſpray and foam, and about half paſt eight the main-maſt went by the board, carrying the mizen-maſt head with it. The captain was endeavouring to get the wreck cut away, when the ſhip taking a lurch, he got hold of the top-ſail bran-block to ſupport himſelf; ſome of the people, in endeavouring to ſave themſelves, dragged him from his hold, when he fell down, and was waſhed backwards and forwards three times with the liquor caſes, poop ladder, and ſome axes, before he was able to extricate himſelf; not, however, before he was ſo dreadfully bruiſed and hurt, as ſcarce to be able to ſtand. Captain Torin, notwithſtanding, remained in the cuddy giving orders, till he found himſelf ſo ſick and faint that he was obliged to lie down in his cot; he received a moſt dreadful gaſh in his heel, which almoſt ſevered it from the leg, and occaſioned a great effuſion of blood. The ſhip now rolled dreadfully, but made but little water, the hand-pumps kept her clear.

At eleven P. M. we heard that the bowſprit was gone; an attempt was made to get the fore-ſtay cut, which failed; the fore tackles were got forward to the knight-head, to help to ſecure the fore-maſt, but the anchor ſlings to which they were hooked broke, and at three A. M. the fore-maſt fell aft in the ſtarboard waſte. The ſhip at this time rolled very deep, but ſhe made but little more water than ſhe ſhipped; at day-light the captain was brought out and ſat in a chair at the cuddy door-way, and the people were got up; the gale had now moderated very much, and the ſea fallen conſiderably; the ſpare and ſtream anchors had been carried away. All hands turned to, and by nine o'clock we got clear of all our wrecks, except the fore-maſt, which was the only thing that gave us apprehenſion, as it might have occaſioned ſerious conſequences in the event of its breaking the booms adrift, and fetching way.

We were now in lat. 17 deg. 50 min. N. and long. 117 deg. E. and a conſultation was held, when the captain promiſed the men that they ſhould be well rewarded if they would exert themſelves to the utmoſt, aſſuring them that many ſhips had been in greater danger of ſinking, and had been ſaved. The men inſtantly ſet to work, and by one A. M. we got the long-boat's maſt up forward, a top-gallant ſail and the long boat's main-ſail upon it, when the ſhip gave a heavy roll to port, and the fore-maſt more on the contrary lurch, it went completely overboard, carrying the ſheet anchor with it. Almoſt every thing had been cut away before, and we were ſoon clear, but launching aft gave her ſtern way, and it went a-head of the ſhip. The wind was now about S. S. E. we put the helm up, ſhe veered immediately, and we ſteered away N. N. W. In the afternoon we ſucceeded in getting a main-top-gallant-royal-maſt up, upon the ſtump of

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the main-maſt, and ſet a main-top-gallant-ſail and royal, and a royal upon the ſtump of the mizen-maſt, with a ſtay-ſail betwixt it and the main-maſt. Night now came on; the water was ſmooth, and our people fortunately got ſome reſt; the hand pumps were, however, kept generally going. At day-light, we opened the gun-deck hatches, and found the lead had given way upon the orlop, having carried away the ſtaunchions, the ſheet cable was upſet, having carried away the ſtaunchions alſo. At eight A. M. we had the joyful ſight of a ſail, to the S. S. E. and never could Divine Providence have interpoſed when leſs expected; the only moments we could reflect, were embittered with the proſpect of inevitable deſtruction: this ſail proved to be the Earl Camden, Captain Dance, one of our fleet, to whoſe kind exertions we may all conceive ourſelves indebted for our lives. He took us in tow: the Bombay Caſtle now came in ſight. Aſſiſtance was now ſent on board us from the two ſhips, and our two paſſengers, Meſſrs. Lance and Robarts, went on board the Camden. On the 27th, we made the coaſt, and arrived at Whampra the 1ſt of October.

I am happy to add, that Captain Torin is completely recovered, to the joy of his ſhip's crew.

By the laſt accounts from China, the Coutts had been completely repaired, and was conſiderably advanced in her lading.

The Warley alſo, that had received damages in this dreadful ſtorm, had been repaired, and would be able to ſail with the fleet from China.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE hair dreſſed with curls, forming a kind of imperial diadem, interſperſed with flowers and diamonds, and without any other covering but a veil, in the moſt faſhionable coeffure. In the circle of *haut ton*, Plutus has prevailed over Flora; but every where elſe this goddeſs leaves her ungallant rival behind her; and, for one head with diamonds alone, ten are ſeen with flowers, and fifteen where the diamonds are almoſt concealed by the flowers, or are ſo few that they ſeem aſhamed to ſhew themſelves. Some milliners in the Palais Royal, and in the Rue St. Honore, plait the front of their hats with large plaits. Theſe large plaits are particularly remarked with the undreſſes *(négligés)*, ſeldom with full dreſſes. The prevailing colours are white and light blue. White pearl, called *ſolitaires*, are worn in the ears; and white pearls, called *ſociables*, are worn in necklaces and bracelets. The gauze capots are no longer ſeen. Large Bruſſels laces, called demi-veils, and which almoſt hide the face, are very numerous in the Thuilleries, in the Elyſian Fields, and on the Boulevards; but in the Luxemburgh, and in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, they are entirely proſcribed

as *boudeuſes*. Here the belles wear long veils, which loſe themſelves under the ſhawls, and form a capuchin. Long ſhawls, called imperial ſhawls, are always faſhionable. They are of various colours and embroidery; but ſome with golden fleurs-de-lys were ſeen on the ceremony of the 14th of July. The *griſettes*, who cannot afford to pay a hair-dreſſer, carry on their ſhorn heads *(tondu)* a crown of flowers, artfully, but taſtefully made.

Cambric gloves, and nankeen ſhoes, are worn with undreſs; but white Grenoble gloves, and white ſatin ſhoes, with full dreſſes. The faſhionable belles now walk with a ſtoical gravity, ſlowly and penſive, whilſt our faſhionable beaux are always in a hurry, and would by a ſtranger be taken for errand boys.

Anecdotes of that eccentric Character, Harry Paulet.

THIS perſon who was commonly called duke of Bolton, king of Vine-ſtreet, and governor of Lambeth-Marſh, a well-known public character, died lately in the above neighbourhood, and his remains were attended to the grave by a great number of perſons whom his bounty had made comfortable.

Parſons, the comedian, ſpeaking of the ſubject of the following particulars, frequently declared, with the greateſt gravity, that he would rather expend a crown to hear Harry Paulet relate one of Hawke's battles, than fit gratis by the moſt celebrated orator of the day. There was (ſaid Parſons) a manner in his heartfelt narrations that was certain to bring his auditors into the very ſcene of action; and when he deſcribed the moments of victory, I have ſeen a dozen labouring men, at the Crown public-houſe, riſe together, and moved by an inſtantaneous impulſe, give three cheers, while Harry took breath, to recite more of his exploits.

This man, whoſe love for his country cannot be excelled, was, in the year 1758, maſter of an Engliſh veſſel in North America, and traded up the river St. Lawrence; but being taken by the enemy, he remained a priſoner under Montcalm at Quebec, who refuſed to exchange him, on account of his extenſive knowledge of the coaſt, the ſtrength of Quebec and Louiſbourg, with the different ſoundings. They therefore came to a reſolution to ſend him to France to be kept a priſoner during the war, and with ſuch intent he was embarked on board a veſſel ready to ſail with diſpatches to the French government. Being the only Engliſhman on board, Harry was admitted to the cabin, where he took notice one day, that the packet hung in an expoſed ſituation in a canvas bag, for the purpoſe of being thrown overboard on any danger of being taken: this he marked as the ob-

jeft of a daring enterprife; and fhortly after, in conſequence of the veſſel being obliged to put into Vigo, for proviſions and intelligence, he put his deſign into execution. There were two Engliſh men of war lying at anchor, and Mr. Paulet thought this a proper opportunity to make his meditated attempt; he therefore one night, when all but the watch were aſleep, took the packet out of the bag, and having fixed it in his mouth, ſilently let himſelf down to the water, and, to prevent being diſcovered, floated on his back to the bows of one of the Engliſh ſhips, where he ſecured himſelf by the cables, and calling for aſſiſtance was immediately taken on board with the packet. The captain, charmed with his bold attempt, treated him with great humanity, and gave him a ſuit of ſcarlet clothes, trimmed with blue velvet and gold, which he retained to the day of his death. The diſpatches being tranſcribed proved to be of the utmoſt conſequence to our affairs in North America, and Harry was ſent with a copy of them poſt overland to Liſbon, from whence he was brought to Falmouth in a ſloop of war, and immediately ſet out for London.

Upon his arrival in town, he was examined by proper perſons in the adminiſtration, and rewarded agreeably to the nature of his ſervice; but what is moſt remarkable, an expedition was inſtantly formed upon a review of theſe diſpatches, and our ſucceſſes in North America, under Wolfe and Saunders, are in ſome degree to be attributed to the attachment of Paulet to the intereſts of his country. For his ſervices the government rewarded him with the pay of a lieutenant for life, which, with other advantages, for Harry had ever been prudent, he was enabled to purchaſe a veſſel. Here fame takes ſome liberty with his character, and aſſerts that he uſed to run to the French coaſt, and now and then take in a cargo of brandy; but be that as it may, Harry was one morning returning, when the French fleet had ſtolen out of Breſt under Conflans, while Admiral Hawke was hid behind the rock of Uſhant to watch the motions of the enemy

Mr. Paulet, loving his country better than his cargo, ſoon ran up to the Britiſh admiral, and demanding to ſpeak with him, was ordered to make his veſſel faſt, and come on board; upon his telling Hawke what he knew of the enemy, the admiral told him if he was right, he would make his fortune; but if he deceived him, by G—d he would hang him upon the yard-arm. The fleet was inſtantly under weigh, and upon Paulet's direction to the maſter (for he was an excellent pilot) the Britiſh fleet was preſently brought between the enemy and their own coaſt; and now the admiral ordered Paulet into the veſſel, and bade him make the beſt of his way; but Harry begged of the admiral, as he had diſcovered the enemies of his country, that he might be allowed to aſſiſt in beating them. This requeſt was aſſented to by the commander; and Paulet had his ſtation aſſigned, at which no

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man could behave better; and when the battle was over, this true-born Engliſhman was ſent home covered with commendations, and rewarded with that which enabled him to live happy the remainder of his life. Mr. Paulet poſſeſſed a freehold eſtate in Cornhill, London, and, reſpecting the good he did with his income, there is not a poor being in the neighbourhood of Pedlar's-Acre, who does not teſtify with gratitude ſome act of benevolence performed for the alleviation of his poverty, by this humane, heroic Engliſhman.

MEMOIRS *of the* EARL *of* HARRINGTON.

THIS nobleman was born in the year 1753. His father was a general in the Britiſh armies, and commanded one of the troops of the old horſe guards. During the late king's reign he was ſecretary of ſtate, and ſucceeded Philip, earl of Cheſterfield, as lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in 1747. In 1770, the preſent lord procured an enſign's commiſſion in the foot guards; and in 1774, he joined the 29th regiment of foot, lately returned from America, as captain, and had the command of the light company. General Sir William Howe, having invented a ſet of manœuvres for light infantry, his majeſty ordered them to be practiſed; and ſeven light companies were aſſembled at Saliſbury for the occaſion, in the ſummer of 1774, among which was that commanded by Lord Harrington. His majeſty went to Saliſbury to ſee them, and was much pleaſed with their utility and the mode of execution.

Theſe manœuvres were intended chiefly for a woody and cloſe country, in which an army cannot eaſily act in line. They were all done from the centre of battalia, grand-diviſions, and ſub-diviſions, by double Indian files, and are ſix in number. The whole are deſcribed in Williamſon's Elements of Military Arrangements. But the preſent ſyſtem of light-infantry manœuvres are different from thoſe of Sir William Howe. In the beginning of 1776, Lord Harrington, then Viſcount Peterſham, exchanged his light-company for the grenadier-company of the twenty-ninth.

In February, that year, this regiment embarked at Chatham, for Quebec, on board the Iſis, Surpriſe, and Martin, ſhips of war, and four tranſports; and by the 29th of May following, they arrived at Quebec, where they did duty, and waited till the arrival of the army from Europe, under the command of Major-General Burgoyne, when the whole was ordered up the river St. Lawrence, in purſuit of the Americans.

On the 8th of June the Americans attempted to cut off the troops in the town of Trois Rivieres, which they thought was occupied by a ſmall body of men, but they met with a warm re-

ception, and retreated into the woods. The twenty-fourth regiment, ten companies of grenadiers, and the ſame number of light-infantry, were formed into an advanced brigade, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fraſer, of the 24th foot, appointed brigadier-general. This brigade landed at Sorel, and purſued the Americans up the river Richlieu, to Chamblee and Fort St. John, at which place the latter embarked, in batteaux, for l'Iſle au Noix. The advanced brigade encamped at Fort St. John, until veſſels could be procured to follow the Americans.

As ſoon as the armament was completed, part of the 29th battalion companies embarked on board the ſhips of war as marines; and on the 11th and 13th of October, actions took place between the Britiſh fleet under Commodore Crew and Admiral Pringle, and the Americans, commanded by General Arnold; in all of which the Britiſh were victorious. The advanced and firſt brigades, with the artillery and remainder of the 29th, were in batteaux, and ſoon joined the fleet at Crown Point, where the 29th detachment had landed, and taken poſt in the ruins of Fort Frederick. The army immediately encamped, but the weather ſetting in very cold and ſtormy, Sir Guy Carleton thought proper to defer the attack of Ticonderago, till the following ſpring. The army re-embarked, and ſailed the 2d of November, the fleet bringing up the rear.

On arriving in Canada, the army was ordered into winter-quarters. The advanced brigade was cantoned on both banks of the river St. Lawrence, from Montreal downwards. Lord Peterſham's company was quartered at Verchere. The 29th battalion garriſoned Montreal, to which place his lordſhip often went to ſee his friends.

In the ſpring of 1777, Lieutenant-General Burgoyne was appointed to command a detachment of Sir Guy Carleton's army, deſtined to croſs Lake Champlain, for the attack of Ticonderago, and to effect a junction with the ſouthern army. This army, after encountering the greateſt difficulties, and diſputing every inch of ground with the Americans, infinitely ſuperior in number, was obliged to throw down their arms by the convention of Saratoga.

During this active campaign, Lord Peterſham acted as aid-de-camp to General Burgoyne, and his ſervices in that arduous capacity were particularly noticed by that general. Indeed, his lordſhip was on the moſt intimate footing with all the general and other officers, particularly Brigadier-general Fraſer, who often declared that Lord Peterſham would be one of the firſt officers in the Britiſh army. After the diſaſtrous iſſue of the campaign, Lord Peterſham was ſent to England with General Burgoyne's diſpatches, by the way of New-York, and no perſon in the army could have been choſen more proper to give his majeſty every information on the ſubject than his lordſhip.

Shortly after his lordſhip's arrival in London, he purchaſed a company in the foot-guards.

In 1779, Lord Peterſham ſucceeded to the title of earl of Harrington, in conſequence of the death of his father; and ſhortly after that event he married Miſs Fleming, daughter and co-heireſs of Sir Michael Fleming, Bart. a lady of large fortune, and moſt amiable manners, who has long ranked high in the eſteem and favour of the queen. The intention of the French to attack our Weſt-India poſſeſſions, being very evident, letters of ſervice were iſſued about this time, to raiſe a number of new regiments, one of which was given to his lordſhip, who ſoon completed it as the 85th; and ſhortly after embarked with it as lieutenant-colonel commandant, for Jamaica.

Major-general Sir Archibald Campbell was at that time governor of the iſland, and aſſiſted by his lordſhip, he modelled his little army in a maſterly manner. In the arrangement, his lordſhip was made a brigadier-general, with the command of the flank companies of all the regiments. The great mortality which prevails, more or leſs, in the Weſt Indies, particularly in the time of war, ſoon reduced the gallant corps ſent from England to a ſmall number. The eighty-fifth regiment, one of the fineſt ever landed on any of our tropical iſlands, ſuffered ſeverely, and his lordſhip's health, from his great military exertions, being injured, he returned to England, accompanied by Lady Harrington, who inſiſted on ſharing the fortunes of her huſband amidſt the danger of the ſea, the perils of war, and the unhealthineſs of the Weſt-Indies.

On Lord Harrington's return to England, he met with a moſt gracious reception from his majeſty, (whoſe diſcernment in military matters, and attention to deſerving officers, form conſpicuous traits in his character) who was pleaſed to nominate him one of his aid-de-camps, which gave him the rank of colonel in the army.

Lieutenant-general Calcraft, of the ſixty-fifth foot, dying ſhortly after the arrival of Lord Harrington, that regiment was preſented to his lordſhip, which he immediately joined, and on its being ordered to Ireland, he embarked with it, his amiable conſort ſtill accompanying him. While on Dublin duty, he had the command of that garriſon, and poſſeſſed the confidence of the duke of Rutland, then lord-lieutenant, in an eminent degree.

It was during this time that Lieutenant-general David Dundas, then adjutant-general of the Iriſh army, wiſhed to bring forward the ſyſtem of tactics which is now adopted in our ſervice. Lord Harrington, whoſe knowledge of the military art was inferior to none of his ſtanding, approved highly of it, and immediately, with the duke of Rutland's approbation, tried it with the ſixty-fifth; the progreſs that well-diſciplined corps made in theſe tactics,

tactics, and the evident utility to be derived therefrom in execution, ſteadineſs, celerity, and order, was fully exemplified at the time, which induced other regiments to follow its example, and in a ſhort time it became general in both kingdoms.

In June, 1792, this ſyſtem was, by his majeſty's orders, directed to be implicitly followed by every regiment in the ſervice. In 1785, his lordſhip's regiment being ordered to America, he obtained his majeſty's permiſſion to return to England, and for the firſt time ſince his entrance upon a military career, enjoyed the tranquillity of leiſure, and the ſweets of a domeſtic life. He paſſed a few months of the winter in London, but chiefly ſpent his time at his ſeat in Derbyſhire, where he was enabled to purſue the ſtudy of his profeſſion, aſſiſted by one of the moſt valuable libraries of military authors in this kingdom.

During his lordſhip's retirement in Derbyſhire, a circumſtance took place highly flattering to his character. On the death of Lieutenant-general Evelyn, colonel of the twenty-ninth regiment, the earl of Harrington had expreſſed a particular wiſh to ſucceed to the colonelcy of that regiment. It was, however, previouſly diſpoſed of to Lieutenant-general Tryon. In January, 1788, the death of this officer occaſioning a ſecond vacancy, an expreſs was immediately ſent by the ſecretary at war to Lord Harrington, at his ſeat in Derbyſhire, notifying, that his majeſty, bearing in recollection the former wiſh of his lordſhip, had appointed him to the regiment.

A few weeks after his appointment, his lordſhip went down to Worceſter to ſee his regiment, which had returned from America in the November preceding. The joyful reception he experienced from his old friends on that occaſion was equally pleaſing and honourable to him. During the period of Lord Harrington's command of this regiment the nation was happily in a ſtate of peace. Many opportunities, however, occurred, in which the talents and exertions of his lordſhip were conſpicuouſly diſplayed. His regiment was honoured by the peculiar commendation of his majeſty for their ſteady diſcipline and regular conduct at Cheltenham and at Windſor, at which places it was ſtationed during the royal reſidence. At the latter, the regiment was continued in garriſon for three years, a circumſtance which particularly diſtinguiſhes it, as no regiment had ever remained ſo long on that duty.

In December, 1792, his majeſty was pleaſed to confer an additional mark of his regard upon Lord Harrington, by appointing him colonel of the firſt regiment of life-guards, with the gold ſtick. As an infantry officer, the army in general knew his lordſhip's ſplendid talents; but as he was now called to a new mode of ſervice which he probably only was acquainted with from theory, his intimate friends were in ſome meaſure apprehenſive for the honour of his reputation; but their fears were

groundleſs, as his ſubſequent conduct has evinced. At the promotion of general officers in 1793, his lordſhip was made a major-general. During the active campaigns on the continent, his lordſhip applied to his majeſty, that he might be ſent with his regiment to ſerve under his royal highneſs the duke of York; but his appointment of gold ſtick rendered this wiſh nugatory.

His majeſty, however, being deſirous of becoming acquainted with certain matters on the continent, and the operations of the army, particularly the Britiſh, ſent Lord Harrington on a private miſſion to the duke of York, with whom he remained for a ſhort time. His lordſhip has ſince been made lieutenant-general, and is now ſecond in command on the London ſtaff, his royal highneſs, field-marſhal, the duke of Glouceſter being firſt, and has alſo been made a privy-counſellor. Lord Harrington is deſervedly honoured with the friendſhip and attention of all the royal family, and, with his lady, conſtantly of all the private parties at the queen's houſe. The duke of York has a very great friendſhip for him, and, it is confidently ſaid, pays much attention to his opinion in military matters in every part of the economy of an army. Whether for the garriſon, or camp, his lordſhip ſtands unrivalled. The preſent ſword of the army was firſt introduced by Lord Harrington, adopted by his royal highneſs in the coldſtream-guards, and ſince by his majeſty's orders in all regiments.

In private life, Lord and Lady Harrington are a moſt honourable inſtance of domeſtic happineſs. They are bleſſed with a numerous family, and are examples of conjugal and parental virtue. His lordſhip's eldeſt ſon is a captain in the coldſtream guards, and a nobleman of very promiſing parts. Lady Harrington was in the year 1799, by her majeſty, made one of the ladies of her bed-chamber. His lordſhip affords a remarkable example of friendſhip, charity, and humanity. He has never failed in his attachment and aſſiſtance to his old friends, who, by unforeſeen events, have required his relief. Numerous are the inſtances of his public and private charities; the indigent widow and orphan have often partook of his bounty. In every regiment he has commanded, his attention and humanity to the ſick among the troops, their wives and children, have been almoſt unprecedented.

The USE *of* HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE.

[From Bigland's Letters on the Study of Ancient and Modern Hiſtory, juſt publiſhed.]

WHILST the philoſopher contemplates the almoſt endleſs variety of political and religious eſtabliſhments exiſting in

in the world, and the current opinions of mankind in different ages, and in different countries, hiſtory, in an eminent degree, comes to his aid; and by enlarging his views, and extending his ideas, extinguiſhes thoſe illiberal prejudices which narrow the mind, which deaden the feelings, and obſcure the underſtanding. Error and prejudice have an almoſt univerſal influence over the minds of men; and it is only in proportion to the light conveyed to the mind, by general information and extenſive views of things, that this influence is weakened or annihilated.

Certain prepoſſeſſions take hold of our minds, and domineer over our reaſon, from our infancy, from the firſt dawn of thoughts. They are inſpired by ſyſtems and eſtabliſhments, by received cuſtoms, by current opinions, and by the converſation and the authority of thoſe who are the neareſt and deareſt to us, and have the greateſt influence over us. Every nation, every religious ſect, every claſs of ſociety, has prejudices peculiar to itſelf: theſe prejudices are ſtrengthened by various circumſtances; they acquire a deeper root from the books we read, the country we live in, the perſons with whom we converſe, the ſtation of life in which we are placed, and a thouſand other incidents.

If we ſhould ſelect a certain number of children, of capacities as nearly equal as poſſible, (for a perfect equality in this reſpect, perhaps, does not exiſt,) if we ſhould give them all the ſame education, and place them in the ſame ſtation of life, whatever trifling difference might be obſerved in their underſtandings or acquirements, owing to the different degrees of their application and intellectual exertion, or other incidental circumſtances, we ſhould ſtill find in all of them (more or leſs) the ſame views, the ſame prejudices, the ſame current opinions and general ideas. But if, on the contrary, they ſhould be differently educated and diſpoſed of; if one ſhould be made a ſoldier, another a ſailor, the third an huſbandman, the fourth a merchant; if another ſhould be placed in a monaſtery, and enter into one of the religious orders of the church of Rome; another become a miniſter of ſome proteſtant church; if another ſhould be ſent into a Mahometan country, and, after a ſuitable education, become a mufti of the muſſulman religion; if another ſhould be educated among the bramins of India, and the mind of another be formed among the lamas of Thibetian Tartary, or among the diſciples of Confucius, or the worſhippers of Foe, in China, or Japan, we ſhould then ſee in their different prejudices, current opinions, and general ideas, the full force and influence of external and adventitious circumſtances upon the human intellect.

If the minds of men could be rendered viſible, what different pictures would thoſe perſons, in their maturer years, diſplay! They would exhibit in the moſt luminous, the moſt diſtinct, and the moſt ſtriking point of view, the full power and effect of national,

tional, political, and religious prejudices upon the human mind. Theſe prejudices, diverſified by a thouſand different ſhades, ſome more faintly, others more ſtrongly marked, influence, in a greater or leſs degree, almoſt every individual of the human race; but more eſpecially the vulgar and illiterate, the ſlaves of ſyſtems, opinions, and faſhions; and their influence is hoſtile to the improvement of the human mind, as well as to true religion and chriſtian charity. They foſter ignorance, and engender pride, and ſtrongly tend to weaken or deſtroy that univerſal philanthropy ſo forcibly inculcated by the great author of the chriſtian religion.

Nothing has a greater tendency to eradicate narrow and illiberal prejudices than a general acquaintance with thoſe circumſtances and events, which, at different periods, have taken place in the world, and which have, in ſo deciſive a manner, determined the conditions and opinions of mankind; and this knowledge the judicious peruſal of ancient and modern hiſtory communicates. Hence ariſe extenſive views and juſt ideas, with which the ſpirit of perſecution and intolerance is incompatible. While the bigotted proteſtant condemns, perhaps without examination, what he calls the abſurdities of the church of Rome; and the bigotted catholic anathematizes the proteſtant who refuſes obedience to what the other deems the infallible church; while the calviniſt condemns the arminian, and the arminian the calviniſt, becauſe they happen to think differently reſpecting the myſterious plan of redemption, and of the divine decrees; while bigots of every perſuaſion condemn and perſecute one another, the enlightened philanthropiſt, of whatever denomination he may be, ſees in every man a brother; and regards the whole collective maſs of mankind as one vaſt family, the children of one Common Father. While the bigot breathes nothing but intolerance and perſecution againſt thoſe who happen to have opinions different from himſelf, the enlightened and benevolent chriſtian conſiders the different nations of mankind as living under different diſpenſations, and reſigns them all into the hands of the Divine Being, who rules and diſpoſes all things as he thinks fit, and in a manner which our feeble reaſon is not able to comprehend.

Pictureſque Delineation of a Summer's Evening.

[From the Tears of Camphor, or Love and Nature Triumphant.]

ALREADY had the declining orb of day began to ſhed its mild luſtre over the ſylvan ſcene of the ſurrounding country, and its level beams to tinge with ſparkling gold the various objects that courted the eye, when Mr. Ince left his apart-

ments, and bent his ſteps towards the reſidence of Katty. He had purpoſely delayed his viſit till the approach of twilight, for that is the time when the heart beats in uniſon with the calmer emotions of the mind, when every powerful paſſion ſeems to be laid at reſt, and the feeling boſom loves to glow with more refined, more pure, more holy ſenſations. Hence it probably is that twilight and moonlight have ever been the favourite periods with poets for indulging their amatory ſtrains; and that bard would be deemed little ſhort of mad, who ſhould deſcribe a fond pair cooing and billing, hugging and kiſſing, &c. &c. in the noon-tide glare, or beneath the eye of morning. It is probable that all our poetic fictions radically aroſe either from ſome fixed and general principles of human nature, or from ſome local habits and cuſtoms: thus in the more propitious climates of Italy and Greece, and the eaſtern countries, where life can be enjoyed only during the cool breezes of evening, it is natural to conclude that individuals would purſue during that time their various pleaſures; and that lovers would rather chooſe to murmur out their vows of love in the cool fragrance of deſcending night, than to ſwear eternal fidelity walking beneath a ſun that ſheds "intolerable day," and ſweating reſponſive drops to every animated action.—Poets, therefore, when they ſought to charm their readers by the diſplay of their genius, could not be ignorant of the force of local attachment; and they knew that, to excite pleaſurable ſenſations, was to bring before the mind, by the aid of ideal aſſociation, ſcenes and circumſtances which at one time or other have been felt and adored by almoſt every human being. Hence all the charms of moon-light ſcenery as an adjunct to amatory deſcription; hence the cool breezes to meliorate the warm expirations of love; and hence the embowered ſhade, ſecluding the dim twilight, on the moon's ſilvery rays, from where repoſe the warm and eager youth—the wiſhing, artleſs, yielding maid: hence all that can ſeize upon the heart, expand the affections, and excite the feelings of ſympathy.

But I know not whether we have done wiſely in copying the localities of our more ſouthern neighbours. It is ſeldom indeed that we have to complain of burning heat, and warmth that ſets the blood on fire; and therefore I think there would be no impropriety in deſcribing lovers as adjuſting their little odd matters in the day-time, and not expoſe them to the damp vapours, fogs, and dews of night, at the hazard of giving them colds, rheumatiſms, and conſumptions.

It was a fine, a truly delightful evening—it was, in fact, ſuch an evening as Shakeſpeare beautifully deſcribes in his Merchant of Venice, where, by one bold expreſſion, one touch of real, heaven-born genius, he has carried the powers of the poet, far beyond thoſe of the artiſt—

"How

" How ſweet the moon-light *ſleeps* upon that bank!"

What pencil, though guided by the hand of a Raphael, a Correggio, or a Pouſſin, could convey half the indeſcribable ideas which ruſh upon the mind, upon reading this line?—But to deſcend from the regions of poetry to the humble paths of plain proſe.

The moon had juſt riſen, and began to caſt a trembling ſilver radiance upon the diſtant foliage: the alternate ſhade and light which chequered the dewy graſs as the murmuring breeze wafted the branches to and fro, preſented a pleaſing picture to the eye: every thing around wore that ſtill and breathleſs look which ſtrikes at once to the heart, and plunges the mind into a vein for moralizing.

All the noiſe and tumult, all the buſy hum of the day, had paſſed away; and nothing now was heard, ſave ſometimes the burſt of merriment which iſſued from ſome neighbouring cottage, or the ſweet voice of the village laſs, as ſhe ſung her love-lorn ditty: the feathery tribe had all retired to reſt, and the vacant field, in which no living object caught the eye, forcibly beſpoke the hour of reſt, when the children of nature yielded to the ſoft dominion of ſleep. Sometimes the mingled voices from the adjacent villages would float upon the gale, and at others might be heard the diſtant low of cattle, and the tinckling of the ſheep-bell; ſounds which, to a heart capable of feeling them, are more dear, more eloquent, and more ecſtatic than the fineſt ſtrains of muſic that ever iſſued from a mortal being.

Oh! what a tranquil, what a delightful, and almoſt ethereal ſenſation, is that which we derive from a contemplation of nature when dreſſed in the ſober colours of evening. It is then that, caſting a penſive look round the broad expanſe, or muſing ſolitary in the umbrageous ſhade, we learn to think like beings of another world! Who that yielding his whole ſoul to theſe ſupernatural impreſſions, diving into the depths of his own boſom, and exploring the intricacy of his own thoughts, could elude the ſoft impulſions of contemplation, could ſuffer his mind to revert to things of a ſecular nature, or be buſied about events of the day? Who could refrain from ſinking into a rapturous labyrinth of moral thoughts, and from ſeeking to improve the opportunity preſented to him, by a ſevere ſelf-examination, by adopting reſolutions of virtue, and, in ſhort, by reſolving to become a *better man?* The gloom and ſilence of night, the glimmering of the taper, and the privacy of our chamber, do not ſpeak half ſo powerfully, half ſo awfully to the heart as ſuch a ſcene, where the eye may lift itſelf to Heaven, and adore the Maker of it, or may caſt itſelf to earth, and acknowledge the Creator in a blade of graſs!

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the abbé de St. Pierre preſented his project of a perpetual peace to that wily and experienced miniſter, Cardinal Fleury, he thus addreſſed him: "Sir, I am much afraid that you have forgotten the preliminary article. You have forgotten to ſend a troop of miſſionaries to diſpoſe the hearts and the minds of the different ſovereigns towards your excellent project."

USEFUL HINT.

AN admonition of that great writer, Dr. Samuel Johnſon, to his friends was, never to go without ſome little book or other in their pocket. "Much time," added he, "is loſt by waiting, by travelling, &c. and this may be prevented by making uſe of every poſſible opportunity for improvement. The knowledge of various languages," ſaid he, "may be kept up, by occaſionally uſing Bibles and prayer-books in them when at church."

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

A Few weeks ſince, whilſt ſome men were employed in ſtacking hay at Stockwith, near Gainſborough, in Leiceſterſhire, the following extraordinary circumſtance occurred: near the ſtack there was a ſhed under which there were ſeveral hives of bees: a waggon horſe, employed about the hay, chanced to be ſituated cloſe to the ſhed, and by ſome motion of his head diſplaced one of the tiles. This ſo irritated the inſects, that they immediately ſallied forth in a body, faſtened on the poor animal's head, and lodged their ſtings in every part of it, the inſide of the mouth, ears, and eyes. The horſe being confined, could make little exertion to free himſelf, nor dared the by-ſtanders at firſt to endeavour to relieve him. In the mean time he was agonized with pain; and when liberated, it was ſhocking to behold his writhings. When at liberty, he preſently rid himſelf of the bees; but the numerous ſtings lodged in his head produced a mortification, and after remaining in extreme miſery till the next day, he expired.

A QUESTION, *by R. Thomas, of Bridgewater.*

THE leſſer ſegment of a line divided by extreme and mean proportion is 45.8359 feet: required the greater ſegment.

Anſwer, by G. Coulman, Broadhempſton, to Primroſe's Charade, inſerted June 18.

TO hear the warblers chant their dulcet lay,
Acroſs the WOODLAND oftentimes I ſtray.

☞ A Similar anſwer has been received from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by W. Commins, of Exeter, to J. Channon's Charade, inſerted June 18.

KING CHARLES from the hands of the rebels did flee,
And hided himſelf in an OAK-APPLE tree.

‡ We have received like anſwers from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. T. S. R. Holwell, and W. Strong, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to W. Bickham's Charade, inſerted the 18th of June.

WHEN death ſhall call us from this earth's abode,
May we aſcend the MANSION of our God!

‡†‡ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, R. Holwell, Strap, J. T. S. and H. Humphreys, and P. Gove, of Exeter; G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; T. Rutger, of Clowance; J. E. of Aſhburton; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

A REBUS, *by R. Mudge, of Aſhburton.*

THREE-FOURTHS of an inſect with care tranſpoſe;
My firſt, kind Sirs, you quickly will diſcloſe;
A well-form'd letter you'll pray next declare;
Laſtly, a bird that flutters in the air:
Theſe parts combine, they ſurely will produce,
An implement that's of important uſe.

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

MY firſt you'll find is of great uſe,
As you may daily ſee;
My ſecond you will find produc'd,
Gents from a certain tree.

Search Albion's fleet, and to your view,
Appears my daring whole;
From Gallia's hoſts defends our iſle,
With native courage bold.

A REBUS, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

A Furious beaſt, imprimis, find;
And next an hero bring to mind;
Likewiſe a ſcripture name;
A near relation next expreſs;
A friend to all the human race,
A tree add to the fame:
Th' initials join'd in order true,
Preſent a ſinging bird to view.

POETRY.

ELEGY *on* SEEING *a* SCULL.

THIS preacher, ſilent, yet ſevere,
Proclaims mortality to man:
Thou, like this emblem, ſhalt appear,
When time has meaſur'd out thy ſpan.

Here once was fix'd the dimpled cheek;
And from this ſallow, naked crown
The curling honours, long and ſleek,
Fell light and negligently down.

This part once fortified the brain,
The ſeat of ſenſe, in ages fled;
Whence haply flow'd the raptur'd ſtrain,
Or truths, by ſacred ſcience bred.

Here hung the lips that once could ſmile,
And here were fix'd the orbs of light;
Extinguiſh'd now, corrupt and vile,
Suffus'd in everlaſting night.

Behold the ſockets' empty ſpace
Affrights the yet-perceiving eye,
And ſpreads pale horror o'er the face
Of all who live, alas! to die.

Here yet remain, expos'd and bare,
By duſt defil'd of earthly hue,
Thoſe teeth that age vouchſaf'd to ſpare,
A uſeleſs and a mould'ring few!

Gay friend, here hung the liſt'ning ear,
That fed the ſoul with ſenſe by ſound;
Here the loquacious tongue; and here
The noſe on this diſtorted wound!

Theſe all had converſe with the ſoul,
Myſterious work of heavenly ſkill!
Clay join'd to ſpirit form'd a whole,
And quicken'd duſt obey'd the will.

God call'd the life he lent away:
The duſt return'd to whence it came;
The ſpirit left the ſtiff'ning clay,
And death diſſolv'd the wondrous frame.

Be witty, mortal, bold, and free;
Yet own thy knowledge centers there!
Ere long thy ſcalp like this ſhall be,
Not worth the ſordid ſexton's care.

This once, perhaps, a ſtateſman's ſchemes
Of guilty wealth and power contain'd:
Where now are all his flatt'ring dreams?
And whoſe the mighty ſums he gain'd?

Perhaps ſome former Garrick bore
This ſcalp aloft with graceful pride:
Alas! his action charms no more,
That once new force to wit ſupply'd.

Perhaps, with cunning quibbles fill'd
'Twas once a lawyer's—arch and dry:
To obviate ev'ry claim, tho' ſkill'd,
He paid one debt, decreed to die.

Perhaps ſome haughty beauty's charms
Adorn'd this bone with white and red:
No more the nymph the world alarms,
The lilies and the roſes fled.

Perhaps a crown theſe temples bound;
Before it ſubject nations bow'd:
Now, undiſtinguiſh'd in the ground,
The beggar tramples on the proud.

What cauſe has mortal fleſh to boaſt
Of tranſient knowledg, wealth, and pow'r?
Death calls, we then give up the ghoſt,
And all are nothing in an hour.

All, all muſt paſs this dreary road
To duſt and ſilence, cold and gloom;
All reſt in one obſcure abode,
The dwelling of the world, the tomb!

O Thou! whoſe gift is life, beſtow
Yet more in virtue and in truth;
And lead me thro' this vale of woe;
The ſtaff of age, and guide of youth.

Suſtain me in the mortal hour!
For then 'tis thine alone to ſave;
Then let me triumph in thy pow'r,
A joyful victor o'er the grave.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

GAUDY wanderer of the ſpring,
Ever on the airy wing;

Roving

Roving thro' the woodbine bowers,
Gathering ſweets from fragrant flowers:
Happy inſect muſt you be
To enjoy ſuch liberty;
Thus in bliſs to paſs away
Every blooming ſummer's day.

When the glorious lamp of day
Fierce emits the ſcorching ray;
Tired of the ſultry heat,
Then you ſeek ſome cool retreat;
There upon ſome opening roſe,
Scenting fragrance as it blows:
Or aloft, 'midſt ambient air,
Wanton with the zephyrs there.

Revel in thy pleaſures, fly!
Ere the wintry winds blow high:
Ramble thro' the groves and fields,
Taſte the ſweets that nature yields;
Summer joys ſoon haſte away,
Then adieu to pleaſures gay.
So enjoy them while you can
Life remember is a ſpan.

London, July 27. J. PASCAL.

The OUTCAST.

By LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

WHEN ſun-beams bid the world adieu,
And ev'ning gales their flight purſue,
Slow o'er the heath I wend my way,
To muſe upon the golden day
Of hopes for ever flown.

The infant ſmiles of bluſhing May,
The birds that carol on the ſpray,
Can boaſt no charms to ſorrow's child;
For fancy weaves her viſions wild,
And ſings of vaniſh'd hours.

Then does her bold advent'rous hand
(Ne'er under reaſon's ſage command)
Lifts the myſterious, awful veil,
That hides the dark and blotted tale
Of moments yet to come.

Now does ſhe guide my wand'ring eye
O'er times perplex'd, and wat'ry ſky;
Spreads to my glance the features dark,
E'en all the duſky tints that mark
The tiſſue of my fate.

Oft have I liſten'd to the theme
That ſpeaks of youth's enchanting dream;
Oft have I ſmil'd to hear its praiſe,
For I ſhall never feel the rays
That waits upon its morn.

Where are the joys, the mantling joys,
The dimpled loves, with laughing eyes;
The hopes that ſoar on airy wing,
And o'er the ſcene rich magic fling,
Stealing the tints of truth?

When night's dull wing, with ſhadowy ſweep,
In darkneſs veils the world of ſleep;
Or when the moon's affrighted eye
Peeps thro' the wild embattl'd ſky,
Silv'ring the rough cloud's edge;

'Tis then I face the piercing wind;
What ſhelter can an outcaſt find?
'Tis then that 'midſt the whiſtling blaſt,
The while the beating rain falls faſt,
I tread my weary way.

How oft when journeying o'er the plain,
My ſad heart, torn by grief and pain,
While o'er my cheeks the cold gale blows,
(That cheek whence care has chas'd the roſe
That once ſo gaily bloom'd);

Around I throw my eager gaze,
And view the ghoſts of other days
Hurrying on the north's bleak wing—
They come—they come—I hear them ſing
Sad ſtrains that mem'ry loves.

Bleſt ſhades of all I once ador'd!
Of all I've worſhipp'd and deplor'd!
Ye whom the hand of death laid low,
Dooming this heart to feel a blow
Greater than wreck of worlds!

As ſome fair trees, whoſe branching ſhade
Shelters the wild flower of the glade,
So did *ye* ſhreen my helpleſs head,
So did your arms their ſhelter ſpread,
To ſhield my youth from ill.

But, lo! the angry tempeſt came,
And fiercely rag'd the lightning's flame,
Soon were my lovely trees laid low,
And I was doom'd to feel a blow
Greater than wreck of worlds.

Behold they beckon from the hill—
They aſk, why *here* I linger ſtill?
I come—the ſtorm will ſoon be paſt—
My weary ſun is ſetting faſt,
And then—we meet once more.

To a Perſon who wrote many dull Verſes in Bed.

THY verſes, Peter, flow ſo free,
Not even night impedes them—
But all the ſleep they ſteal from thee,
They give to him who reads them.